

E1

Miradero

1943



Dear Charlotte

I will be awful
not having you with
us in our Bible class
next year.

Amanda

Dear Charlotte.

We're finished
with Latin forever.
Good! Goodness. but
it has been fun.

12/2/07
P.S. Good luck!!

Dear Charlotte, Bible
keep wonderful and I'm going to
them next year!
from me
famine

you

notes
miss



Dear Charlotte,
Hope you didn't mind
my taking you off in the 7th grade
My spelling is no better than yours
as you know and we had some good
times together in Miz Mandume. Good luck in
the future. Love Binkley

Dear Charlotte
I still remember
you still reading the purple
book in the 6th grade and
you're a cutie now.
Love
Dreder
Hyman

Dear Charlotte
congratulations
on anything like that
Love
Pat Vance
142

Charlotte Croa

Dear Charlotte
Have a swell
time at college &
think of us Purples here
slaving away.

Love
Jeanne

Dear Charlotte -
Lots of Love to a
swell girl. -
Remember the
street car?
Sudie

Dear Charlotte

I don't know what I'll do
with all that room
next year. I'll
rattle around, that's what!
Well, it's been 6 years, and
you've finally made it. Good
luck, and have a good summer
too.

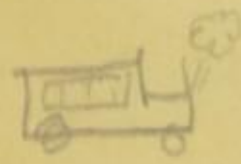
Love
Desdy

Have loads
of fun this
summer
Love -
Claudine
Henninger

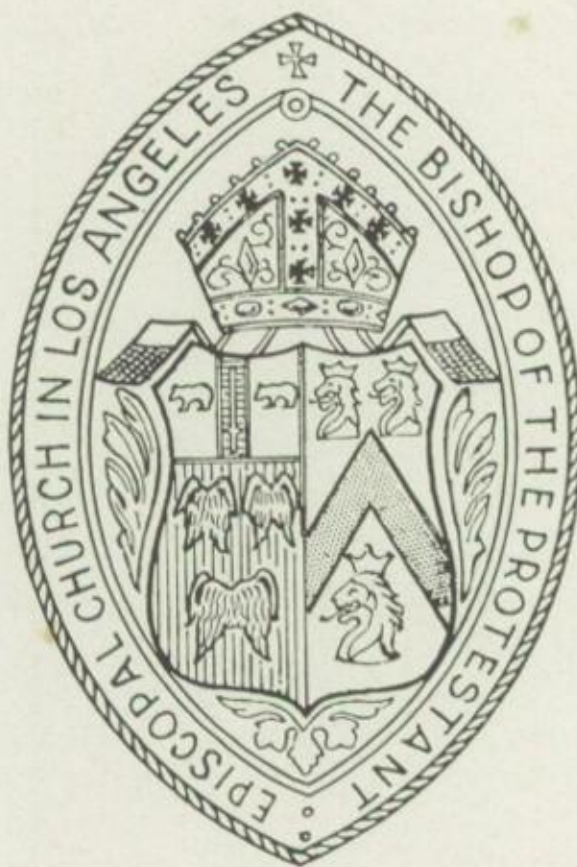
Dear Charlotte
You don't know
it but I'm your
52nd cousin twice
removed,
pinky!

Dear Charlotte
I hope you
have
a good time
next
year.
Love
Alison B.

To our learned typist
and Bible Student. Serious
it's been swell knowing you.
Have fun!
John & Margaret



El Miradero



STUDENT PUBLICATION

of the

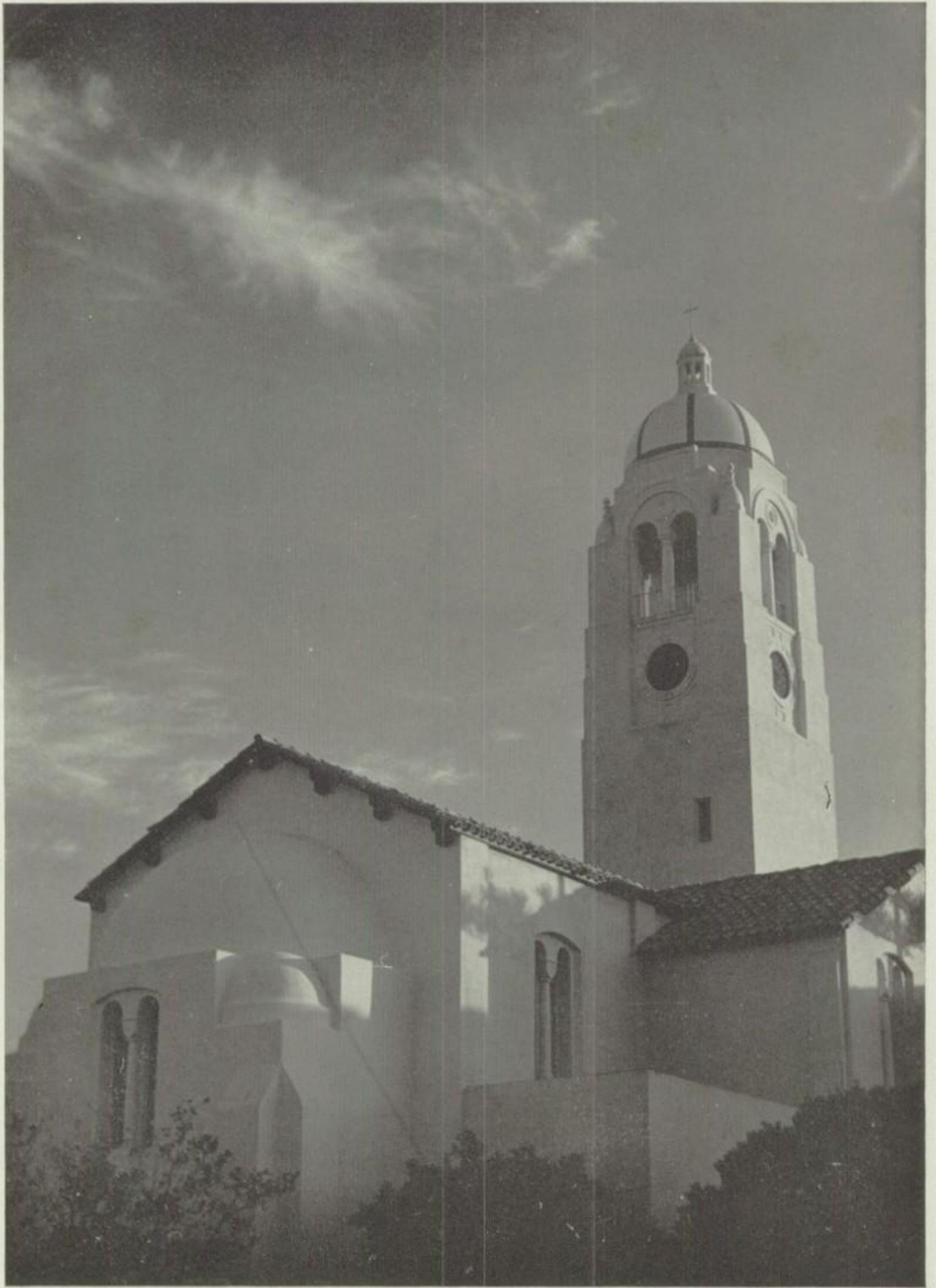
BISHOP'S SCHOOL

LA JOLLA, CALIFORNIA

1 9 4 3

F O R E W O R D

The war has wrought many changes in our way of living. Due to the shortage of help, we have been obliged to wait on table, clean classrooms, take care of the grounds and many other jobs. We have found that when we all work together and cooperate that these tasks are quickly done and quite enjoyable. In that same manner we must be united to retain our school spirit and live up to our motto, "Simplicity, Sincerity, Serenity."



D E D I C A T I O N

Miss Mendum has the knack of making mathematics and science vital and engrossing. There is never a dull moment in her classes. But it is not only as a good teacher that we will remember her. Her vast supply of general information, enlivened by a rare sense of humor, which keeps us up to date in all phases of life, not excluding Cambridge or the New Deal, and her interest in all the girls, make us remember her as our friend. To Miss Mendum we dedicate El Miradero of 1943.



A P P R E C I A T I O N

Miss Cummins has always performed the difficult task of headmistress flawlessly. After twenty-two years it is hard to find suitable adjectives for her that have not already been applied. We deeply appreciate the way in which she has met the new and trying situations brought on by the war and made this year one of the best years the school has ever had.



FACULTY 1942-1943

Caroline Seely Cummins, A.B., M.A., Vassar College	Bible
Isabel Underwood Blake, A.B., Vassar College	English
Dorothy Davenport Feldmann, A.B., Barnard College	History
Mary Catharine Brown, A.B., University of Minnesota; University of Chicago	Latin
Elizabeth Kirkpatrick, A.B., Connecticut College	Science
Jeanne Cheron, M.A., Columbia University; Diplome D'Etude Superieures d'Anglais, Sorbonne	French
Joan Field, A.B., Wellesley College	Spanish
Caroline H. Mendum, A.B., Mount Holyoke College	Physics, Mathematics
Barbara B. Dunklin, A.B., M.A., Mount Holyoke College	English
Beulah M. Seeber, Milwaukee State Teachers' College	Lower School
Gretchen Steinbach, Pupil of Bruno Gortatowski, Berlin; Frau Agnes Kanter, Leipzig; Wynn Pyle, New York	Piano
Florence P. Andrews, Pupil of F. Arthur Hendel and Emil Winkler	Piano History of Music
Walter Wilson Boutelle	Pipe Organ
Mary B. Hobson, A.B., Mills College; M.A., Cornell University	Dramatic Art Physical Education
Margarete von Schumann, Pupil of F. Humber; L. Simon, Paris	Art
Mary C. Walker, A.B., Mills College; Boston University	Typing Physical Education

EXECUTIVE STAFF

Caroline Seely Cummins	Headmistress
The Rev. Griffen M. Cutting	Chaplain
Mary C. Walker	Secretary
Barbara B. Dunklin	Assistant
Flo P. Greer	Financial Secretary
Jean P. Hampton	Head of Gilman Hall
Erma Henrotin	Head of Scripps Hall
Kathleen Lawrence	Resident Nurse
Margaret C. Mahalek	Housekeeper
J. T. Lipe, M.D.	School Physician
William E. Diefenbach, M.D.	School Physician



Classes

"For all your
Days prepare
And meet them
Ever alike"





BARBARA CONVERSE

Whenever you hear horses mentioned you're bound to find Barby. Our versatile president for two years, hails from Arizona, and can tell you all the ins and outs of ranch life. She has broken all knitting records in the Hall, and can often be seen working on three different sweaters and several pairs of socks at once. Her winning personality, dependability, and willingness have made her invaluable in straightening out our Senior problems.

Dear Charlotte, the most
 you have hair is of
 beautiful hair lot and you
 world! have got see
 next year H.I. the summer,
 hope is the Love Lucia

LUCIA ABBOTT

Lucia is intelligent, attractive, graceful and poised. She has a steady disposition and is dependable. Her competency as business manager has helped make this volume possible. Her talents and interests are varied. She is a good musician. She has been active in athletics and this year has displayed prowess in dramatics. With such varied talents and attributes, we predict she will go far.





NANCY AMES

Nancy is the able secretary-treasurer of our class. Her easy-going manner, cheerfulness and sense of humor have made her sought after. She always has amusing anecdotes to impart. Her contagious laugh makes her as good a listener as conversationalist. She sees good qualities in everyone and is a loyal, steadfast friend.

Dear Crow,
I would sign at
your picture. I am
the one for mistakes.
We have had loads of
fun for sick years. lets
keep it up.

Dear Charlotte,
I don't know you very
well, but what I have
seen is wonderful! I wish
you'd write me at Toughkeepsie!
Love and luck in the future
years Mal.

MARION-LEIGH BALDWIN

Useful and ornamental is our blonde Senior Representative. During her two years at the school her buoyant personality, charm, and qualities of leadership have made her a general favorite. Be it social, athletic, intellectual, or artistic circles you won't find anyone who fits in better than Mal.





MARTHA JEANNE BASS

Jeanne is smart and gets good marks in all her subjects. She always has a humorous quip to add to the conversation. For three years now Jeanne has been our social light in and mostly out of school. Her ability as a mimic is priceless. She has definite plans for the future and is sure to carry them out.

BARBARA BOULTON

If you are looking for Barbara Boulton, you are likely to find her on the hockey field or the basketball court, for she is one of our sports devotees and excels in all forms of athletics. A good friend to everyone and always around if you need help. Barbara is a sincere and thoughtful addition to the class.



JEAN CAMPBELL

Jean has a cheery, wholesome spirit which is reflected in the people with whom she comes in contact. She gives the impression of a girl at play rather than at work and her friends soon share her happy spirit. Always very quiet, she makes her life simple yet interesting. Jean is a great lover of horses and rides well, so she spends every afternoon roaming the hillsides with her animal friend.



*Dear Charlotte,
I'll never forget Latin II,
will you? (Poetical, eh what!)
Thanks for helping me with
Penny Kitching.
Love,
Margaret Cary*



MARGARET VIRGINIA CARY

The longer people know Margaret the more they like her. She is an honor student and an excellent tennis player. But Margaret would be the last person in the world to boast of these achievements. She is the secretary of the Athletic council, and in her quiet, competent way has done a good job. Her humor, helpfulness, and friendly smile will be missed by all.



EILEEN CHAWNER

Eileen is an A student, but she is bright not only in the classroom. She catches on to a new thing easily and has been on the Junior Journal Staff, the Athletic Council and the Annual Staff. Eileen is systematic, affable, and possesses a quality people strive for and sometimes never attain—tact.

*We've had lots of fun
in good old Español!
It's been wonderful
knowing you.
Love,
Eileen.*

CHARLOTTE CROW

Blue eyes that flash mischievously portray one of our little red head's most salient characteristics, a delicate but subtle sense of humor. Charlotte is reserved and thoughtful, but these thoughts are bright and helpful in solving school problems. Those that know her the best like her the best, because they can see her finest qualities.

*Well Crow I done something
wrong turn to my picture*



RUTH HELENE DRYER

Rufus, our candid camera menace, pours forth good humor and bad puns wherever she goes. Her knowledge of popular music is really amazing, as are those terrific week ends of hers! Wherever Rufus goes, and whatever she does she will always have fun doing it, and time enough left over to keep up to date on her jokes.



Dear Carrot-head
Remember when you
used to throw shoes - And when
at Nancy's me - Nancy's
we took down Nancy's
pigtales? More fun, next
Have a good time, next
year - whatever
you do -
Love
Mocky

MARGARET DURR

Seriousness of purpose best describes Mocky, one of our finest and best liked students. Her charm and pleasant personality will be greatly missed when she leaves for Pomona College. Although she has side tracks such as cultivating potatoes and tomatoes in her victory garden and reading French novels, her real aim is to study medicine. We all feel sure that she will succeed in this as she has in all that she has previously attempted.





LUCY EVANS

Lucy adds zest to the class, for she is a happy-go-lucky, fun-loving girl. She keeps up with the times and can fit in well in any group. Lucy is fond of horses. She has a good sense of humor, although we see a little shyness behind it. She has a host of friends and gets joy out of life.

*Dear Charlotte,
Be good this
summer, but have lots
of fun. Please call me
up this summer because
you have extended service.
Lucy Evans*

ELIZABETH BETHE FOSTER

Always appreciative, sympathetic, with a ready smile and a humorous outlook—that's Bessie. She is kind to everybody and liked by everybody. She is one of the best story-tellers we know and we shall always remember her rendition of the "Shaggy Dog" legend. Her cheerful disposition and whole-hearted interest in other people won't be forgotten soon.



Dear Charlotte,
Have a perfect summer, and don't study too hard in
College. Love Chris

CHRISTIANE KNAUER

In the pleasant art of living among friends Christiane is easily a master because she is so full of sunshine, which always melts the ice of misunderstanding. As she takes great interest in every school activity, there is not a moment when she is idle. Books seem to be a challenge to her and she easily is victor in the contest and stands at the head of the class. Not only has she intellectual curiosity to her credit, but she also excels in sports.



MARGARET KNIGHT

Striving for originality, Margaret is a bright member of the Senior Class. Her charm lies in a combination of concrete realism, humor, irony, and yet whimsical fancy. This unique combination of characteristics has sent her to the top and Marnie has the honor of being Student-body President. Quietly efficient in this role she has made it a success. The seniors are proud to claim this friendly girl with her brilliant red hair which matches her brilliant personality.



NANCY EVELYN LAWSON

The scholar's mind, the scientist's eye, and a friendly manner to all the world, make Nancy one of the outstanding girls in our class. Photography is her special hobby, and in that field she has done excellent work both for the annual and other projects. We will always remember Nancy for her willingness to help and her loyal friendship.

Dear Charlotte,
I'm in a rut, a lapse
of mental powers, or
whatever you want to
call it, anyway I won't
forget you, have fun!

Nancy

(sparkles!)
⚡ ⚡ ⚡
by [unclear]

Hold down San Diego
for me and don't let that
red hair get ^{you} into trouble.
Love and luck. Pat

PATRICIA LEWIS

Whether you find her in the chapel, behind an easel, or on the athletic field, Pat is in there pitching. She is intelligent and possesses poetical ability; the fine job she has done as Secretary-Treasurer of St. Mary's Guild, her ready sense of humor, plus her ability to cooperate have made us realize what an all-around girl she is.



RUTH RICHARDS LINEAWEAVER

Dickie has become an indispensable member of the senior class. Her cleverness and subtle wit have been invaluable contributions to the Pi, and life on the hall. Although she has wit and a keen sense of humor, she never exerts them at the expense of hurting other people. Dickie has a good disposition and takes life as it comes. She is an individualist and not easily swayed by other people.



Dear Charlotte,
 So to around
 this summer,
 so we can see each other
 Haven't our English classes
 been gay through?
 Love, Dickie

Dear Charlotte,
 We've really had super
 times these few years, we've known
 each other. Don't ever forget our
 super senior class.
 Love,
 Jodie



JOAN MANLEY

Dependable, but full of fun, Joan, better known as Jodie, has many friends and seems always in the happiest of spirits. She is extremely capable and has proved so as Business Manager of El Miradero. In tennis she shows her athletic ability coupled with being a good sport. Arizona State will welcome Jody next fall, when she intends to study dietetics.



BARBARA McCABE

Merrily, merrily, merrily might well be Bobbie's motto. Despite her size she has grown to tall heights in our estimation and class life. Never taking life as it comes, she meets it half way with a smile. The jobs of class treasurer, president and team treasurer have been hers at different times and she has carried them well. She wants to be a nurse. We know that she'll make a good one.

*Dear Charlotte &
we are going to
get together this
summer. Best of next
luck to you best
year. as they would say.
Love McCalister
Bobby*

MARY-ELAINE PALMER

Mep is a versatile senior, and in her day has contributed her gifts in many forms, from the "veddy English", Sherlock Holmes in the Shaggy dog story, to the capable and competent editor of this volume. Mep's histrionic ability never ceases to amuse us when she "takes us off" and is shown in a more serious form in the school plays. She can always make us laugh, with her riotous stories and apt remarks.



*Dear Charlotte,
That was really quite a history
class we were in. I'm so
relieved we haven't
any more of those
foul reports*

MARY ANN QUACKENBUSH

Although "Quack" only joined us this year, she quickly became one of us, and made her place on the Pi Staff and Altar Guild. With a ready smile and a humorous twinkle in her eye, she's always willing to help someone else. She adds sparkle and zest to the hall, and her clever ditties and caricatures keep us constantly amused.



*Dear Charlotte -
I've been thinking of you
year, huh? I never
forgot that Spanish class
will be anyone! Best
of all, always.
Quack*

*Dear Charlotte -
I have to say the
same thing Quack
has because, well, just
because it is so memor-
able - I shall never forget
that foolish class - & the
the old bush woman -!*

CLARE HOSMER ROLPH

Clare has shown herself worthy of the girls' friendship and respect in every way. Her serious ability, light good humor, and true standards have made her an excellent Gold Team captain. Hailing from Hawaii, her main field of interest is the war in the Pacific. She has been a good student, a fine citizen and a real friend. Aloha, Clare — we'll certainly miss you.

*Well
Good
luck
+
Aloha
Clare*





CHARLOTTE BAXTER STARBUCK

Charlotte is one of our old stand-bys when it comes to constructive ideas. Her artistic ability was well displayed in the good work she did on the Gold Brick. "Charly," the bridge shark of the Senior Hall, is always in demand when we are in doubt as to trumping our partner's ace. Whether on the tennis court, behind the foot-lights, or bolstering the morale of the Weeders and Seeders, she is bound to excel.

Herio to my name,
 sake and a good one
 too. You've been a good
 friend and I mean it.
 All my wishes always
 Love Char

THE SENIOR WILL

MARGARET CARY wills to Peggy Parnham one of the few remaining tennis balls in captivity not made out of reclaimed rubber.

BARBARA CONVERSE wills her good old Dobbin to Brunson.

CHARLOTTE STARBUCK wills her diets and spelling to Miss Mendum, to keep under lock and key, in hopes that they may never more escape into another form to bother her.

RUFUS DRYER wishes Sally to carry on the Dryer tradition of jokes and puns.

JEAN CAMPBELL leaves all her books to her cousin Georgia.

CHARLOTTE CROW wills to Desdy, Nell, and Gay the space which she and her belongings occupied each morning in the station wagon, hoping that they can make better use of it than she could.

BOBBY McCABE wills her top-notch to Ann Hayward, hoping that in the future it will be longer and stay in place.

NANCY LAWSON wills a Willkie button to Miss Mendum in hopes that she will keep up the fight against N terms.

ABBOTT and KNIGHT will these few paper clips to Mrs. Feldmann, in the hope that they may bring in next year bigger and better senior reports, more periods, more commas, more underlined **Ibids** and **Op. Cits.**

PAT LEWIS wills to Ethie Jones her weekends in Coronado, knowing she will not let her opportunities go to waste.

MARY ANN QUACKENBUSH and EILEEN CHAWNER leave their pleasant little bus trips, complete with orange, candy, and magazine, to Antha Newport, Priscilla Larson, and Betsy Stalder, because they know they can truly appreciate them.

JEANNE BASS would like to leave her experience to Joan Dean.

NANCY AMES and JOAN MANLEY will walking to school in wartime to Jean Kellogg.

MAL wills to Barbara Brunson her ability to eat ^{nine pieces of} French toast and not gain a pound.

DICKIE hands on classroom doodles, willed to her by Nackey Scripps, to Desdy Jackson.

CLARE ROLPH and BESSIE FOSTER will with a Hawaiian and Scotch accent their "isn't that dear" to Lorie.

CHRIS wills to Desdy the Center Half-back position in hockey with the hope that she will have it all to herself next year.

BARBARA BOULTON wills to the ever-despairing Miss Brown this box of Kleenex, in hopes that it will keep her classroom free from those exasperating ink spots and colds.

MEP wills her emotional instability to Charlene Leonard.

LUCY EVANS wills her love of jewelry to Judy Woodhead.

MOCKEY DURR wills her gardening technic to Ann Hayward.

JUNIOR CLASS

Best of luck
next year and
don't forget to
come back and
see us.
Love,
Joan



Standing: Elizabeth Ware, Priscilla Larson, Lorabelle Davis, Mary Shepherd Joy, Joan Hosking, Jean Cline.

Sitting: Sibby Hull, Antha Newport, Barbara Brunson, Jeanne Inwood, Desdy Jackson, Judy Woodhead.

Kneeling: Georgia Campbell, Ann Anderson, Peggy Parnham, Nora McNerney, Doris Heyneman, Clara Brinkley.

Not in picture: Ann Rolph, Edith Ann Suffern, Joan Corwin.

President	Barbara Brunson
Secretary-Treasurer	Judy Woodhead
Class Advisor	Miss Hobson

The Juniors are a very versatile group, but they seem to be most outstanding in sports.

One of their members was a team captain, which is very unusual, but not too surprising to us, because so many of them have shown great ability in this particular field ever since their freshman year.

SOPHOMORE CLASS



Standing: Margaret McGregor, Amanda Horton, Betsy Stalder, Mary Wenrich, Charlene Leonard, Nell Tidmarsh, Jean Kellogg, Janine Ratliff.

Sitting: Ann Hayward, Ellen Schmidt, Ethelyn Jones, Patricia Dunlap, Adele Weidenkopf, Rosemarie Kurfurst, Jacqueline Fairbanks, Allison Biddle.

Not in picture: Kathleen Campbell.

President	First Term	Ann Hayward
	Second Term	Adele Weidenkopf
Secretary-Treasurer	First Term	Amanda Horton
	Second Term	Ellen Schmidt
Class Advisor		Miss Walker

Although the Sophomore class had only nine members last year, it was able to double that amount this year and also make good its motto, "Quality and Quantity," by winning the banner for the highest scholastic average.

Their Valentine party was a big success, and all this was a very good year for the Sophomores.

FRESHMAN CLASS



Standing: Joan Dean, Bubbly Ziesmer, Ann Schmidt, Rolland Hicks, Sally Dryer, Collean Nix, Bettina Thompson.

Sitting: Beverley Moylan, Virginia Harris, Barbara Reynolds, Marilyn Schuman, Constance Holder, Francie McComb.

President	Marilyn Schuman
Secretary-Treasurer	Ann Schmidt
	First Term
	Second Term
Class Advisor	Betsy Wallace
	Miss Mendum

One of the most outstanding things about the Freshman Class is that although it is the smallest class in the Upper School, almost all of its members are interested in, and take Dramatic Art. They proved to the school that many of them are accomplished actresses when they gave so successfully "Little Women" for the benefit of the Red Cross. They showed us in many ways that a small number can do a great deal.

THE LOWER SCHOOL



Standing: Sally Pearson, Eugenia Roome, Nancy Myers, Virginia Shepherd, Riley Ann Sebree, Claudine Henninger, Katharine Charleson, Mary Jane Harnwell, Peggy Brice, Mary Ellen Townsend, Sally Williams, Jennifer Warner, Nancy Lee Eaton.

Kneeling: Carol Roberts, Joanne Callery, Ann Steese, Irene Nancy Marshall, Joanne Adams, Patty Stewart, Louise Otto, Joan Hoover, Joyce Ellis.

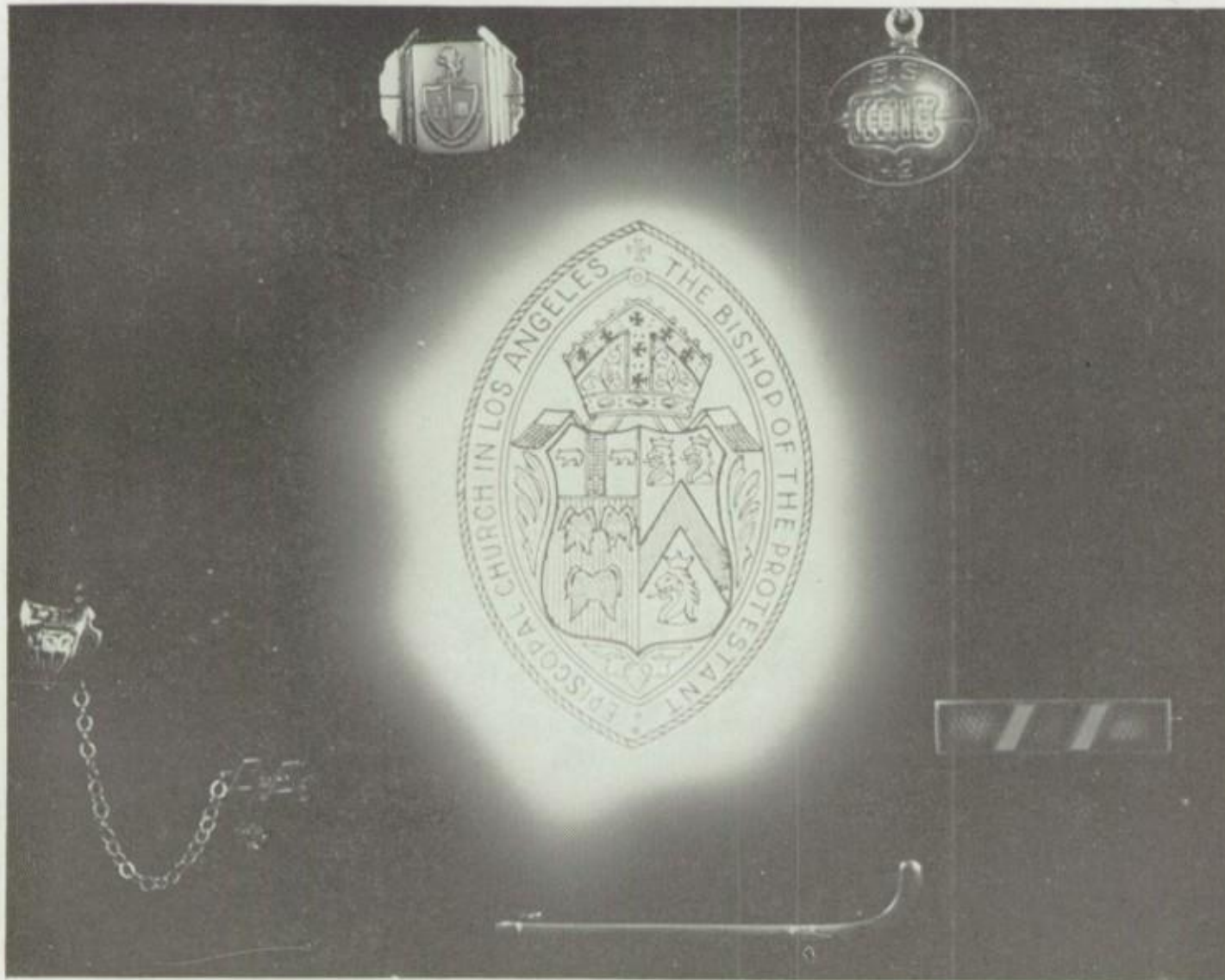
Sitting: Lucy Mary Sherrill, Signe Jane Culbertson, Marcia Jackson, Nancy Lee Steinmetz, Joan Gregory, Gay Crow, Frederica Fairbanks.

President	Joanne Adams
Secretary-Treasurer	Eugenia Roome
Class Advisor	Miss Seeber

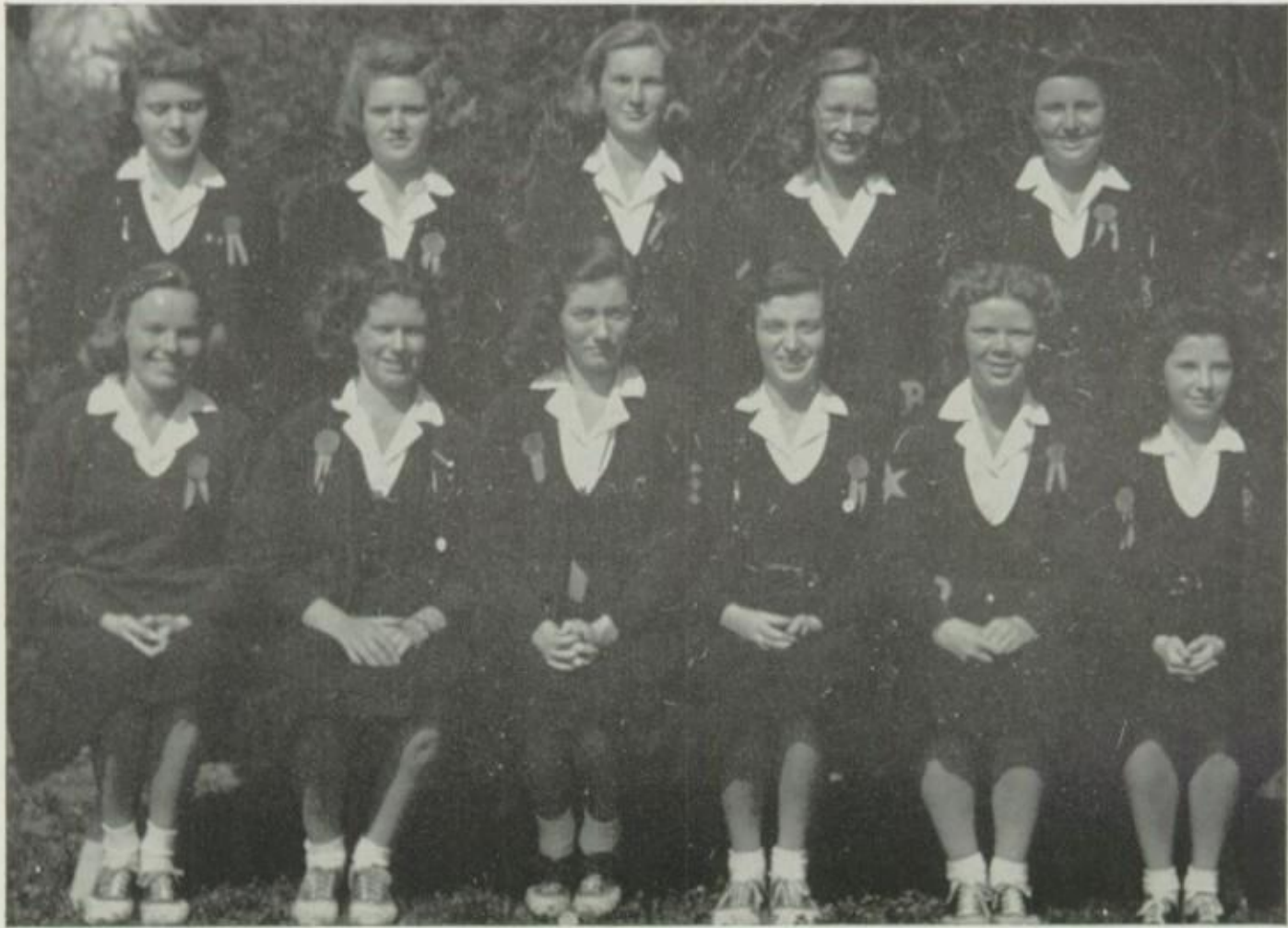
This year the Lower School is bigger than it has been in many years. They turned out an exceedingly well-done "Raraebits" in spite of the fact that they had a very hard time obtaining materials. We have great hopes for our Lower Schoolers when they reach the Upper School.

Organizations

"And we'll strive
To please you
Every day"



STUDENT COUNCIL



This year the Student Council has made fine progress considering the many difficulties it has run into, and the fact that this is only the third year we have had Student Government. Because of the difficulty in obtaining servants, many different committees have had to be organized to do odd jobs around the school, and the Student Council has had complete charge of this. There have arisen many lesser problems all of which were smoothed out efficiently by the members of the Student Council. All in all, we are very proud of our new Student organization and the advances it has made this year.



ATHLETIC COUNCIL



This year instead of having a member of each class and the team captains on the athletic Council, we elected sports managers, who would each have charge of a different sport. This is a very successful plan, because the girls may be selected according to their interest and ability in that sport, and a good manager is assured. The Council had most of their meetings during lunchtime, and so had many pleasant luncheons besides getting their business done, which they did very successfully.



THE ST. MARY'S GUILD



Every time someone comments on the beauty of our chapel, we are sure they wonder how it is kept so beautiful and neat. The answer to this question is the Altar Guild. We would be lost without this dutiful little group. They are kept very busy arranging flowers; looking after vestments and chapel caps; doing other trivial but necessary things and being unusually brilliant in Bible classes. It was realized this year just how much work this group has to do, and so three more new members were added to it, making nine in all.



THE GLEE CLUB



Our Glee Club was really successful this year, under the capable direction of Mrs. Andrews. It was larger than it has been for several years and a number of lovely voices were included as members. On May Day the cantata "The Lady of Shalott" was given admirably by this group, and we hope that in coming years we shall hear many such songs given as well.

DRAMATIC ART



The Dramatic Art class this year was so large that it had two divisions. The first division, as it so happened, were all Freshmen, and the second included members from each of the other classes. This arrangement gave us more entertainment as each division worked separately on new plays. Miss Hobson, the new instructor, is very popular among the dramatists, and we hope that she will be here for many years to come to help our thespians along the milestones to success.



"The Shepherds"



"Little Women"

Editor-in-Chief
 Mary Elaine Palmer
 Literary Editor
 Eileen Chawner
 Social Editor
 Jacqueline Fairbanks
 Sports Editor
 Judy Woodhead
 Chronicler
 Doris Heyneman
 Photographers
 Nancy Lawson, Sheffie Joy
 Ruth Dryer
 Business Managers
 Lucia Abbott, Joan Manley
 Technicians
 Jean Cline, Lorabelle Davis



EL MIRADERO STAFF



PURPLE PI AND GOLD BRICK

The Purple Pi and Gold Brick were very appropriate this year, and as usual very well done. The Purple Pi took "Priceless Priorities" as its theme; and the Gold Brick theme was the latest fashions. These books are wonderful and we only wish it were possible to have more than one of them a year.



JUNIOR JOURNAL

The Junior Journal has been unusually good this year, although it is always a great source of interest to everyone. The staff has had several very interesting and original ideas this year, the most outstanding of which was having alliteration in the "headlines" of each paper.

Literature

"There is no frigate like a book
To take us lands away"



UNSATISFIED

The dawn comes softly up,
Heralding her arrival by wisps of clouds,
Rose-tinted, ever-changing.
While fast the icy night turns to flee—
But too late.
The swifter sun out-climbs it
And melts into a golden pool.

Just so when day is hard and bright
And streaks its purple rays against the sky,
The coolness of the evening hides its ray,
And deeper shades of night glide up
On frosted feet, on whispering winds,
And in this beauty we blind mortals dream—
Dream ever of tomorrow.

Charlotte Starbuck, '43

MY HILLS

A lone hawk in lazy circles soaring,
dips,—then plummets earthward,
cleaving lean, blue space—
The listening brushland waits,
hushed;—then whistles with the
meadow lark.
Blue—blue, as smoke on summer sky,
the lilac opens timid hands for
humming, mumbling bees.
Naked, rain-washed earth rears lordly
shoulders to the sun; and sinks to
velvet darkness.
These are my hills.

Patricia Lewis, '43

OUR OWN MUSEUM

I have never been to a museum. As close as I've ever come to one is looking at the little glass cabinet that stands in the corner of the livingroom of my grandmother's house. It is like an adventure when my grandmother gives me the key to the little glass door. I have stood many times, just looking at it before opening it. When I was a little girl it was the height of my ambition to be able to hold one of the precious objects. Now I may. The door opens easily and I reach in to pick up the gold cuff links of Napoleon Bonaparte, or the yellow and white French glass stirrup cups or the gold forks and spoons. With great pride I open the velvet lined leather box and take out my great-grandfather's gold medal "for his superior horse Monday." I put it back and then look at the gold epaulets or the green leather and velvet shaving kit with the initials N. B. and the rusting implements inside. When I have looked at everything for the hundred and first time, I close the door and give back the key.

Marion Lee Baldwin '43

AN INCONVENIENCE RIGHTLY CONSIDERED

Have you ever been the victim of a sluggish plumbing system when the water even though turned on full blast only trickles into the tub? Of course the cold water makes up for the laziness of the hot water and it can be made to flush forth at any speed. However, on a chilly day when there isn't one warm limb on you, you wouldn't want a cold bath—you'd want a piping hot one. To the average person, I can imagine, this would be quite an annoyance. She will undoubtedly fuss and fume and walk—or should I say pace—up and down the room quite perturbed. Or else she might appoint herself a one-man bucket brigade and transfer the water from the basin into the tub with—not a bucket—but a small glass. This does not get you very far; not noticeably at least.

This dribbling of water can be quite convenient and restful. For instance, if you wanted to play a few rounds of bridge, you easily could, and with ample time left over. The system? Just turn on the hot water and push in the plug and leave. If a fourth can't be found or if you aren't in the mood to play bridge, there are always letters to be written, or heels on socks to be turned, or books that you just must finish. There is that hymn to learn, and oh my goodness, what **shall** I write that theme about?

Hey, Barbara, your bath water's running over!

Barbara Boulton, '43

THE BUS

One of us had been late, and now all three of us are running down the hill. The food in my lunch pail is pounding violently to get out—hope it doesn't. Something's slipping—probably Latin II—if I can only get there before it falls. Faster! We can't be late! There goes Lucile's lunch all over the street. I always knew paper bags weren't any good. You stop the bus, Mary. I'll help Lucile. Oops! What'd I step on? Lucile, did you want your tomato very much? The olives rolled down there. Here's half your sandwich. Come on, the bus won't wait any longer. Whew! At last! Heavens, where's my money? Got a dime, Mary? Thanks.

Margaret Cary, '43

OBSERVATION

The dairyman's white truck
Stops in our gutter,
He reads our card
But leaves no butter.

Charlotte Crow, '43

THE FOREST RANGER'S LAMENT

O lovely, lovely picnic glade,
Serene and silent in the vale,
Who last enjoyed your tranquil shade
Ought to be in the county jail.

Nancy Evelyn Lawson, '43

DISCOVERED

A charted play outlined in the red dust of the basketball court accidentally told us with what careful concentration our opponents had worked.

Margaret Knight, '43

MOKULUA AT SUNSET

As we were getting ready to leave the little rocky island in the late afternoon to go back to shore, I stopped a minute on the salty rock before I dove into the warm water below, to catch a last glimpse of the rays of the sun as they spread themselves over the water and island. Although the sun was fast fading beyond the horizon the rays were still a soft but definite red orange. They reflected this beautiful color on the little sandy beach to my left. The water beyond the island which was usually a deep royal blue was now a soft orange yellow. It was as calm as a lake and free from all white caps except near the rocks below me. When the gentle swells noiselessly hit against the rocks, only to fall back again, a white foam could be seen, but only for a moment. The sun was getting nearer and nearer to the horizon. It was as though some one was out there with a great net and was pulling the sun into the water. The clouds that lined the lower part of the sky were also colored from the glowing mass of orange. To the right of me there were a few kiawe trees that were now a very light green. As the silent, warm breeze blew through them, their many branches slowly swayed from side to side. The barren rocks almost above me seemed very dark and mysterious. They were usually a dead green and brownish color but now they were very dark and dotted here and there by huge darker boulders. When I looked back again at the peaceful scene before me, it seemed restful, inviting compared to those dark sinister rocks behind me. I had the feeling that I wanted to get away from those rocks and I quickly dove off the rock and into the water below and swam out to the waiting boat.

Clare Rolph, '43

PICTURE OF A GIRL

Her head in her hands she curls in a chair,
Over her face falls light brown hair,
A book's in her lap. It soon will seem,
As if the girl begins to dream.

In the valley a greenish lake, and above
Towering, blue mountains reach way up high;
On strong wings toward the sun they love
Eagles fly into the cloudless sky.
Two men climb up the rugged cliff:
Higher and higher they rope along
Like the wild eagle in the clouds
They want to be nearer the golden sun.

The girl in the chair raises her head;
Around the room with a wondering look
She stares,—then reaching into her lap
Bends her head and reads her book.

Christiane Knauer, '43

NIGHT

A crisp wind blew across my cheek and pushed my hair away as I leaned on the cold iron railing of the balcony, trying to drink in some of the magic of night. The moon which shone so brightly in my eyes and made the shiny leaves glitter filled the hushed valley with light. Gigantic shadows of the eucalyptus trees danced on the terrace below . . . this was peace. And yet in the distance as if I could not escape a world's horror was the everlasting droning of motors for bombers. I closed the screen door silently but hurriedly, and forbidding myself to think, slipped into a warm bed.

Lucia Abbott, '43.

TOILERS

A Server

When I went up to get some food
A waitress in a generous mood
Gave me a plate of rice so great
That 'though I swallowed very fast
I didn't finish lunch 'til last
But ate, and ate, and ate.

A Student

A thud and rustling leaves I heard
Lorrie's looking up a word!
She madly thumbs through volume ten
And after a successful look
Exultantly she shuts the book
And takes it back again.

Dickie Lineaweaver, '43

EARLY MORNING SENSE

Waking in the morning, before my four other senses are fully conscious my sense of feeling tells me that I am warm and cozy, between soft sheets and under spongy comforters. My nose which is all that protrudes is tingling with the cold and I semi-consciously crawl further down among the covers. Gradually coming out of the darker world of sleep, I notice aromas of coffee and bacon hovering on the air. There I am fully awake and rather late at that. The mingled fragrance from the dining room urges me on tantalizingly.

It is cold; the dew has been falling during the early morning. As I slip out of doors, I breathe little puffs of breath that vanish into the frosty air. Beads of dew hang from the acacia tree and between the branches hangs a delicate cob-web bedecked with the crystal-like drops. The sun shining through the branches makes this fairy wonder sparkle and shimmer.

In the distance ever so softly I can hear the chimes from the village church striking the hour, the faint peals die away before I can catch and hold their tone.

Breakfast ready I return to the dining room; the coffee this morning tastes especially bitter and strong. It is so hot that its effect on me is one of warm satisfaction.

Nancy Ames, '43

PREDECESSOR

As soon as I opened my second-hand algebra book I noticed the doodlings—pretty girls, fancy methods of writing initials, and phrases such as "yea Blue Bonnets," Blue Bonnets being one of the two school teams. Another phrase caught my eye—"twenty more days till vacation." Boredom and idleness of the first owner? As I progressed with the course I well understood his feelings.

Mary-Elaine Palmer, '43

A PUPPY

A wagging tail, a cocked head,
A stick of wood at his feet.
He caught someone's affection,
Just before I came,
And now I really must confess
He's also catching mine.
Something in common we both have,
That certain other one and I.
I guess you'd call it "Puppy Love."

Barbara McCabe, '43

CLUES

I paused and looked, then looked once more
For prints of dirt were on the floor
A crumpled rug, a chewed up shoe
Happy, my dog, had been in, I knew.

Lucy Evans, '43

SMALL DELIGHTFUL CREATURES

As I walked into the old familiar kitchen, I felt each of the culinary objects greet me with a nod of recognition. The refrigerator immediately clicked on, just to prove that it wasn't asleep. The bread box lid decided to exhibit its energy also, and merrily rattled away, keeping time to the steady whirl of the engine. As I switched the stove off, it heaved several wheezy sighs of relief, and settled back to cool its over-heated brow. Even the leaky old faucet showed a quickening pulse and increased its drippy pace. Yes, it's nice to be noticed by "things."

Eileen Chawner, '43

WORKERS

Why do people work?
Some work for gain, some work for fun;
I wonder which and who they are
And if they gain and have the fun their hopes and thoughts expect.
I see the farmer in his field.
Does he love the soil, the sun and rain,
Is he thinking of feeding the cities and towns,
Or of what this year's crop will bring?
I see the factory employees go
To work in the factories at their jobs.
Are they thinking of their country
And the war to be won
Or only the wages and Sunday fun?
I see the fisherman sailing to sea.
Does he love the excitement and storms and toil
And enjoy the feeling of infinite space?
Or is he thinking only of land
And the money his catch will bring?
Does the housewife work for the pride in her home
And the satisfaction her toil will bring
Or does she think of the maid who is gone
And the tasks that are never done?
The students studying in school,
Are they dreaming of the future their work will bring
Of college and campus, job and fame?
Or are they thinking only of fun
And the Saturday night when the week is done?
I wonder.

Jean Campbell, '43

ALONE?

The sandy beach before me lay,
No signs of life or children at play,
Engraved in the sand a name was plain;
I picked up a stick and added my name.
I felt at once inside of me
The contented feeling of company.

Ruth Dryer, '43

THE WIND

Outside.
The wind blew 'round
And scattered leaves and dust;
Whistling, destructive, angry, cold,
Now dead.

Joan Manley, '43

OPUS

Gnarled brown hands, settling the destiny of fresh-turned earth;
Tapering white hands, coaxing lacy sounds from muted strings;
Clenched hands, driving the last reluctant word from point of pen;
Strong hands, pouring out a heart on canvas in one flamboyant burst of color;
Worn, pain-racked hands, lavishing ill-spared strength upon their knitting;
Soul-born ecstasy in honest work,
Infinity of patience at their fingertips—

Mary Ann Quackenbush, '43

GIRL DREAMING

. . . then they appeared again, pink frocks with sprigs of lilacs at the waists and as they danced by, in among the pleats were tiny diamonds which shone in splendor.

But when she awoke, her rust and dark blue gingham dresses were hanging stiffly on the rod.

Bessie Foster, '43

THOUGHTS IN CHAPEL

Again, I enter the arched doorway, and, as always, the musty smell which I associate with religion greets me. At once there comes upon me a sense of floating, floating, upon wings of thought; beyond the logical, the common sense, the everyday thoughts. It seems as if, for a while, my body is walking without my soul. For surely my soul is soaring in higher realms than those of a common chapel. I feel myself as a dual personality.

I am not "me," the common-place, the dreamy, the sharp-spoken. I am, in a second, all that my daydreams and night-dreams have yearned for. I am strong in heart and soul; not easily persuaded as in real life. I am free, free in conscience, in body, in mind. I can think the thoughts which will not easily be let out of my tightly-locked sub-consciousness.

I look at people around me, and they are to me as blocks of wood. Surely, none but I can experience this utter glory. Surely, I must be far removed, far different, far more perfect, than those around me, those blocks of wood.

Out of habit, my body bows before the cross. I notice with unseeing eye its burnished gold. My mind is still in far-off realms.

My knees bend, I sink to the floor, kneeling, my thoughts continue: "I am wise, I am strong; surely God put me on earth that I might show others how to live."

Then I smell the sweet perfume of my friend as she kneels beside me. I rise. My thoughts "divine" have left me; my mind is blank.

Suddenly, through my nothingness comes the deep, wondrously kind voice of Mr. Cutting. At once there arises a sob within me.

"Oh God, God, forgive, forgive. Oh my God, what a fool to think that I am an example of goodness."

Margaret Durr, '43

SAD LETTER

A wadded handkerchief I saw,
A picture wet with tears,
A letter torn, and pieced again;
But all was quiet, when I came in.

Barbara Converse, '43

EYES OF AGE

His eyes were soft, warm in the dawning;
At night their paleness swam in tears.

Jeanne Bass, '43

Sports

"And all 'pull together' "



HOCKEY



After many weeks of practicing the hockey teams were chosen for Thanksgiving Day. The two teams were evenly matched, and everyone looked forward to the Thanksgiving game with great expectations. Despite what started out to be a cloudy day there was a large turnout for the game. After forty minutes of hard playing the whistle sounded and the game ended in a tie.

Teams

GOLDS		PURPLES	
Clare Rolph	R.W.	Peggy Parnham	
Charlotte Starbuck	R.I.	Constance Holder	
Barbara Boulton	C.F.	Jeanne Inwood	
Adele Weidenkopf	L.I.	Jacqueline Fairbanks	
Mary Shepherd Joy	L.W.	Joan Gilfillan	
Jean Kellogg	R.H.	Sibby Hull	
Christiane Knauer	C.H.	Barbara Brunson	
Margaret Knight	L.H.	Marion-Leigh Baldwin	
Lorabelle Davis	R.F.	Bessie Foster	
Desdy Jackson	L.F.	Ruth Dryer	
Judy Woodhead	G.	Nancy Bevan	



TENNIS



Tennis this year has been very popular, and the courts are always occupied. On Thanksgiving Day there was a crowd of excited spectators watching the three matches, which were exhibitions of really fine tennis. Both the Purples and the Golds fought hard. The Purples came out victorious in two of the matches, and the Golds won the third.

GOLDS

Charlotte Starbuck	1st Team Singles
Joan Manley	2nd Team Singles
Desdy Jackson	Doubles Team
Jean Kellogg	

PURPLES

Ruth Dryer
Margaret Cary
Barbara Brunson
Peggy Parnham



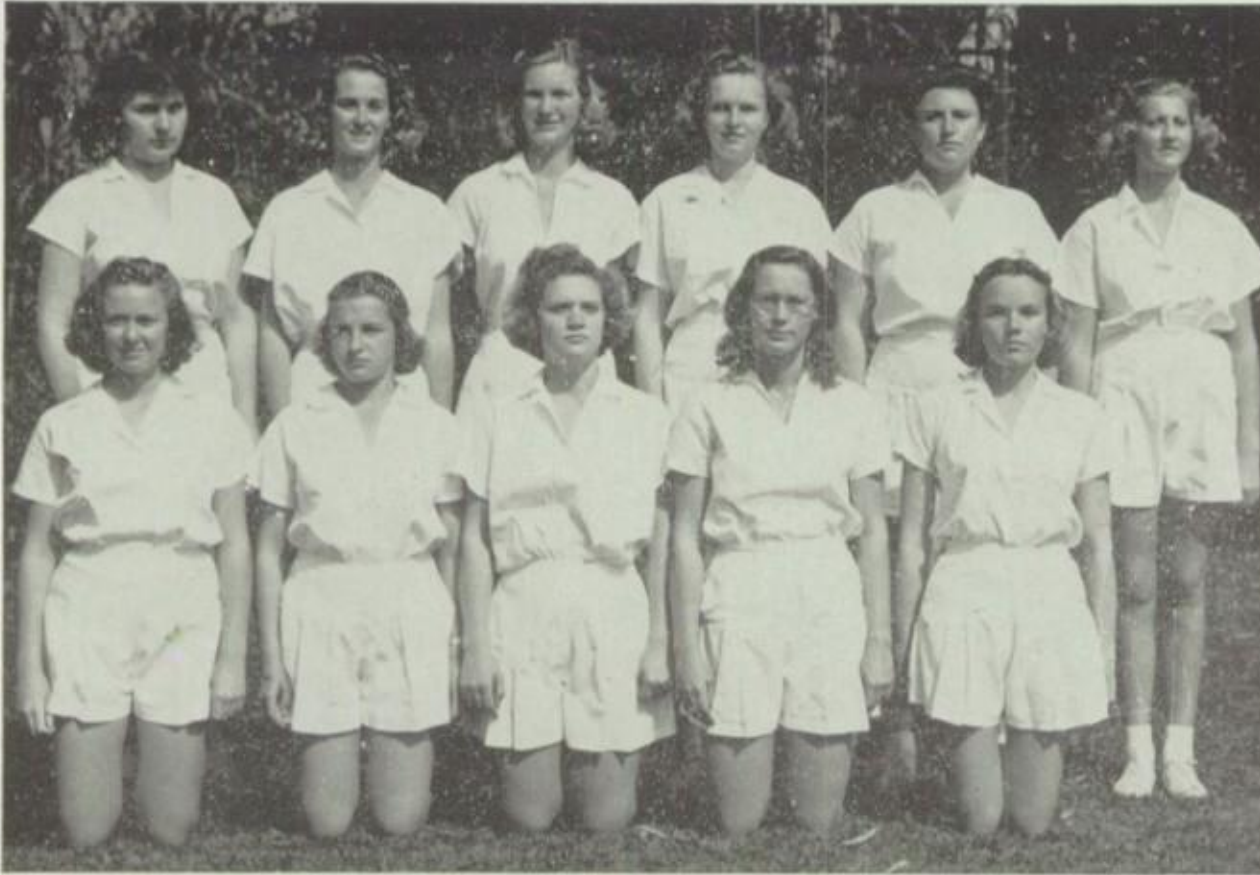
SWIMMING



Expert instruction and thorough enjoyment were available to numerous enthusiastic swimmers. During both the fall quarter and spring term, beginners attempted to master the crawl, the sidestroke, and the backstroke, while the more experienced swimmers had the opportunity to improve their form and technique. Passing the swimming tests was a feat accomplished by many. The swimming meet was a suitable climax to a highly successful season.



BASKETBALL



Basketball started in full swing after Thanksgiving. The basketball periods were well filled and instead of hockey Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, everyone tried her hand at basketball. Sheffie Joy was our basketball manager and Miss Walker taught us the right techniques. After many weeks of hard practising the two teams were chosen and the game was played off on April first.

Basketball Teams

GOLDS			PURPLES		
Barbara Boulton	.	Forward	Sally Dryer	.	
Sheffie Joy	.	Forward	Sibby Hull	.	
Christiane Knauer	.	Forward	Jeanne Inwood	.	
Desdy Jackson	.	Guard	Mal Baldwin	.	
Antha Newport	.	Guard	Barbara Brunson	.	
Clare Rolph	.	Guard	Priscilla Larson	.	



TRACK



After hockey and basketball, everyone began to think about spring sports. This year track was one of our major sports and it received a warm welcome from all the girls. The 50-yard dash and hurdles have interested many girls and there was a long list of those participating. Track proved very successful as a major spring sport, and we hope it will continue to be so.

BADMINTON



This year badminton has been a major sport. Under Miss Hobson's expert instruction many girls have found it not only to be full of excitement, but also a great deal of fun. There have been a singles and a doubles ladder. There was also a badminton team game in which the Purples emerged victorious.

ARCHERY



On Wednesday afternoons the two targets are set up on the hockey field, and Miss Hobson can be found there teaching the fine points of archery to many enthusiastic participants. After just a few short weeks the girls all draw their bows, and shoot like professionals.

RIDING



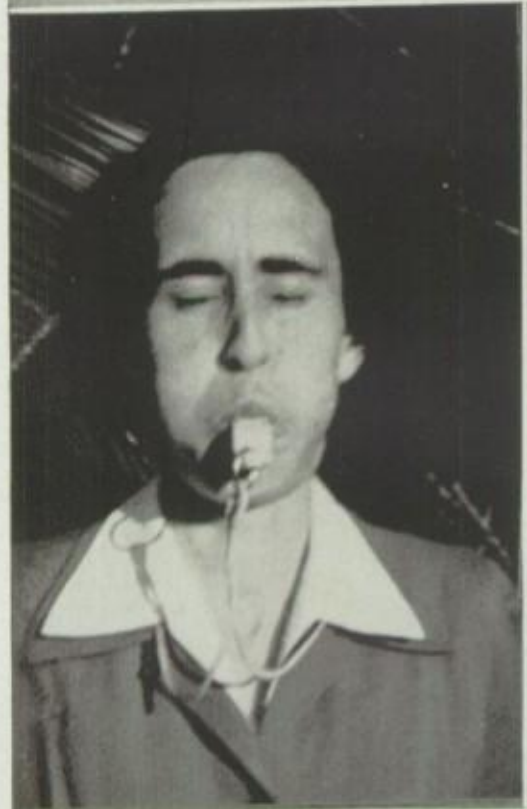
On Wednesdays and Fridays at three thirty a car can be seen at the side entrance filled with a great many riding enthusiasts. The car heads for the La Jolla stables and then the girls alight at the trail ready for their hour's ride. Breakfast rides on Saturday mornings are an added attraction, that is thoroughly enjoyed by everyone.

MINOR SPORTS



MODERN DANCING





Dear Charlotte—

This picture was uncensored and is truly propaganda. Doggone! Glad to know some one else loves dogs. We'll all keep an eye on Ray for you and I know she'll follow in your footsteps and will someday be as grand a senior as you've been.

Features

"Laugh and be merry together"



TO BE REMEMBERED



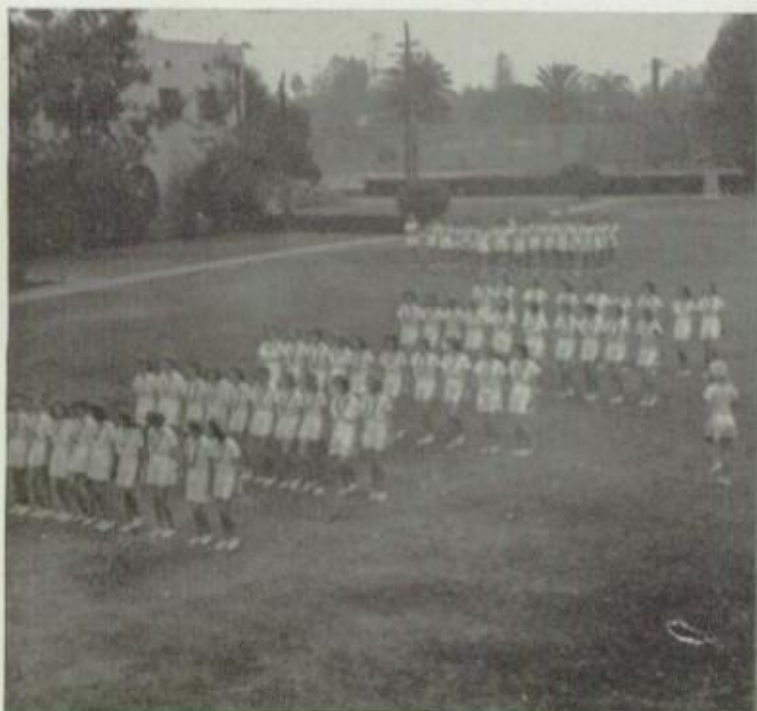
September

14. New faces as well as old appear in a confused mass of dark blue happiness, as this fateful day forecasts a favorable year.
15. Day pupils and faculty are introduced, and we're off!
19. The first grill supper, and Sherlock Holmes to the rescue of the traditional "shaggy dog."
25. Pep day, and out of the chaos of trembling knees, and cruel hilarity, we emerge no longer old and new girls, but proud members of a happy family.
26. The hot sun, warm sand and cold surf, add to the delights of the Beach Club at our first annual outing.
Lee Whitney presents a rich voice, a good selection, and ""vocal color," for our enjoyment.
27. Talent, touch, and delightful music, with Barbara Steinbach at the piano.



October

10. The faculty show their worth at the first party of the year—an unforgettable costume ball. And what costumes!
17. The thrilling movie **Wells Fargo** takes some of us off our seats!
24. Lorette Hurley gives us a superb evening of monologues.
31. Hallowe'en, and Little Orphan Annie, with the help of the Junior Commandos, appears with the senior spade.
For the evening, Count Cutelli is master of our powers of enjoyment, as well as of sound.



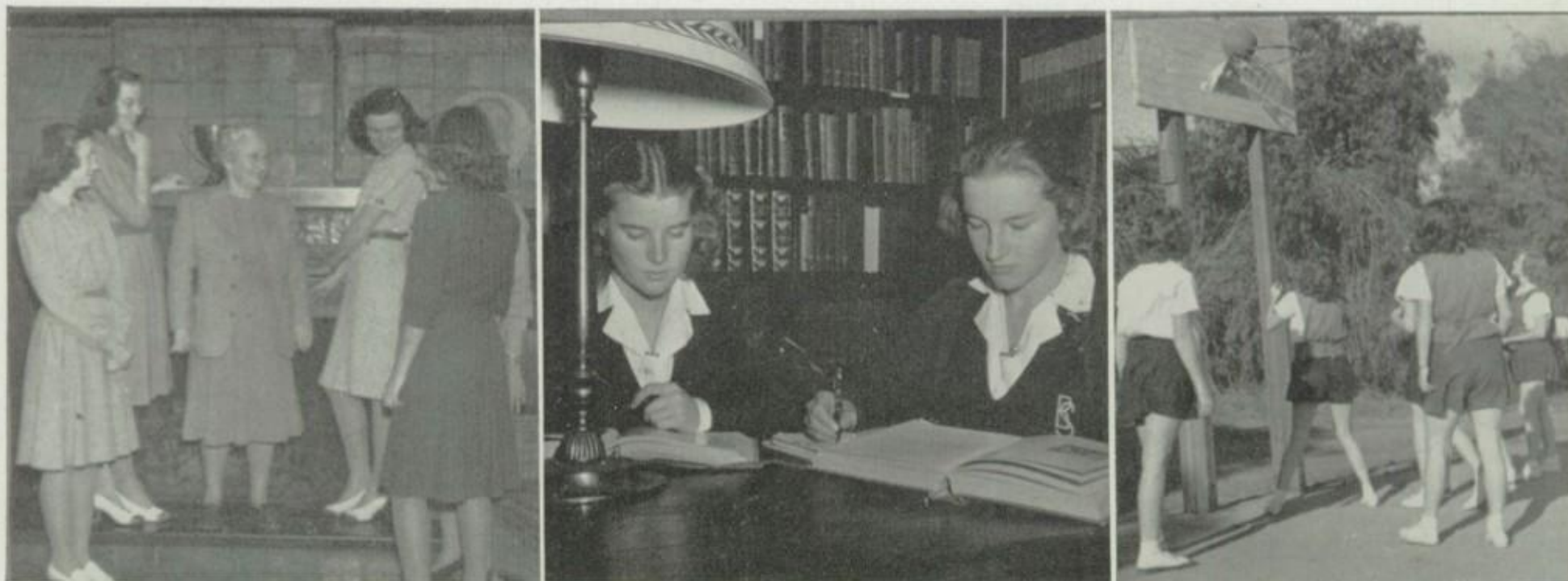
November

6. "Home again, Home again." Even Hitler can't interfere with our first boarder's weekend.
13. A bit of education on education, with Miss Warren of Sarah Lawrence College.
14. Bandage rolling for the Red Cross becomes one of our daily Saturday activities, in compliance with our attitude, "Anything we can do to help?"
21. Unrationed fun—and plenty of it—at the senior party.
26. Thanksgiving—the traditional pow-wow. Our strength and vigor mount as we sing "Come Ye Thankful People" in our Puritan garb, march down the field in military precision, vie in the tennis matches, and exhaust our lungs to the glory of the monkey and bear in an attempt to get the puck through the hockey goal. The night brings on more peaceful gaiety—the presentation of the Pi and Brick, and the masterful production of the faculty plays.



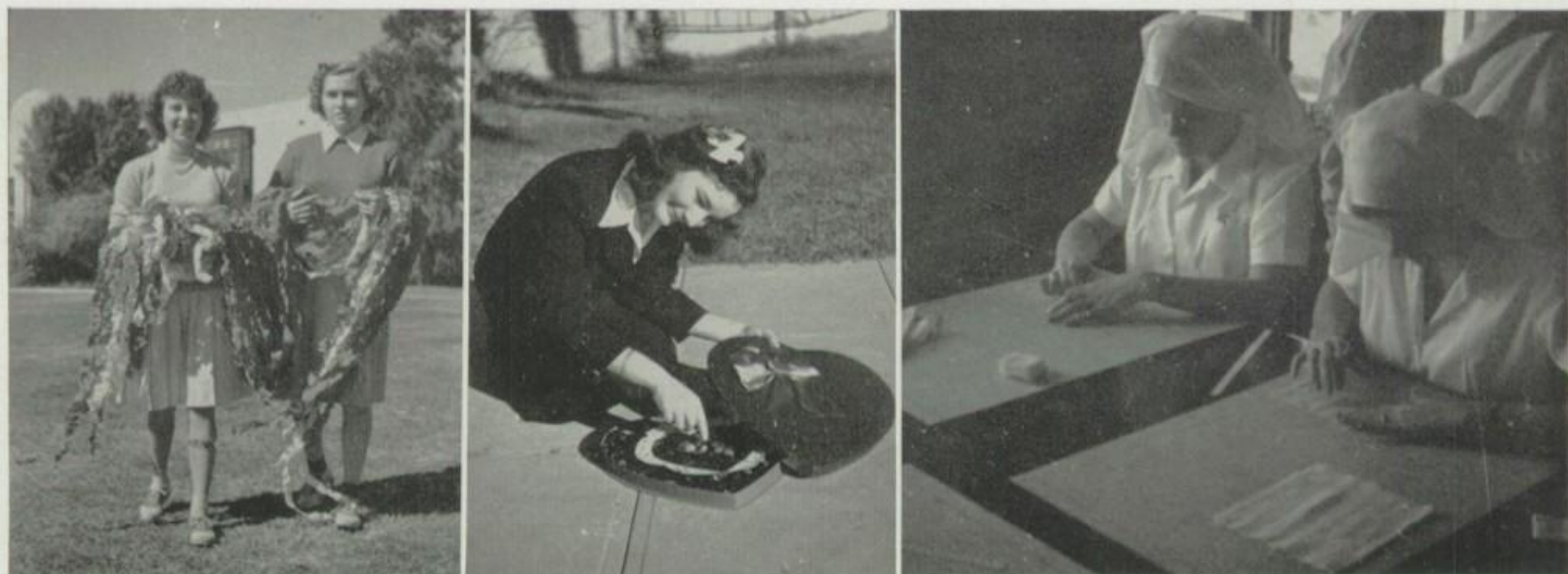
December

5. The music lovers go to San Diego for an afternoon with John Barbirolli, leading the first of a series of Philharmonic Concerts.
Gaiety and fun at the Junior Party, despite Henry Aldrich's foolishly funny and fatal frolics.
13. The Candle Light Service: fragrance—Christmas Carols—pine boughs—candlelight—reverence—the way we always want to remember the chapel.
14. The Christmas Play, **The Shepherds**, through its beautiful presentation, manages to entertain us, as well as put us in a receptive mood for the spirit of Christmas.
15. Long dresses, happy faces, snowballs, and fun, for our Christmas party and last evening at school.
- 16-5. Awakened by Senior carolers before final adieux, and rushing home to Santa Claus.



January

5. Suitcases, (fewer) greetings, and all that customary chatter. Return a little the worse for wear, but at least we all return—a few valuable additions too!
9. Bobo, the Magician, in a magnificent mood, mystifies us marvelously.
19. Mrs. Drouihet paints the virtues of Vassar to our aspiring eye.
23. The worst is anticipated, and received in full (along with repentance) in our dreaded Bible Exams.
- 27-31. Midyears—cramming and sorrowing are in vain, and we resolve to do better next semester.
- 29-31. In spite of measles, chicken pox, and transportation difficulties, most of us managed to get home (or a reasonable facsimile of same) for the second boarders' weekend; and those that didn't—well they can't complain.



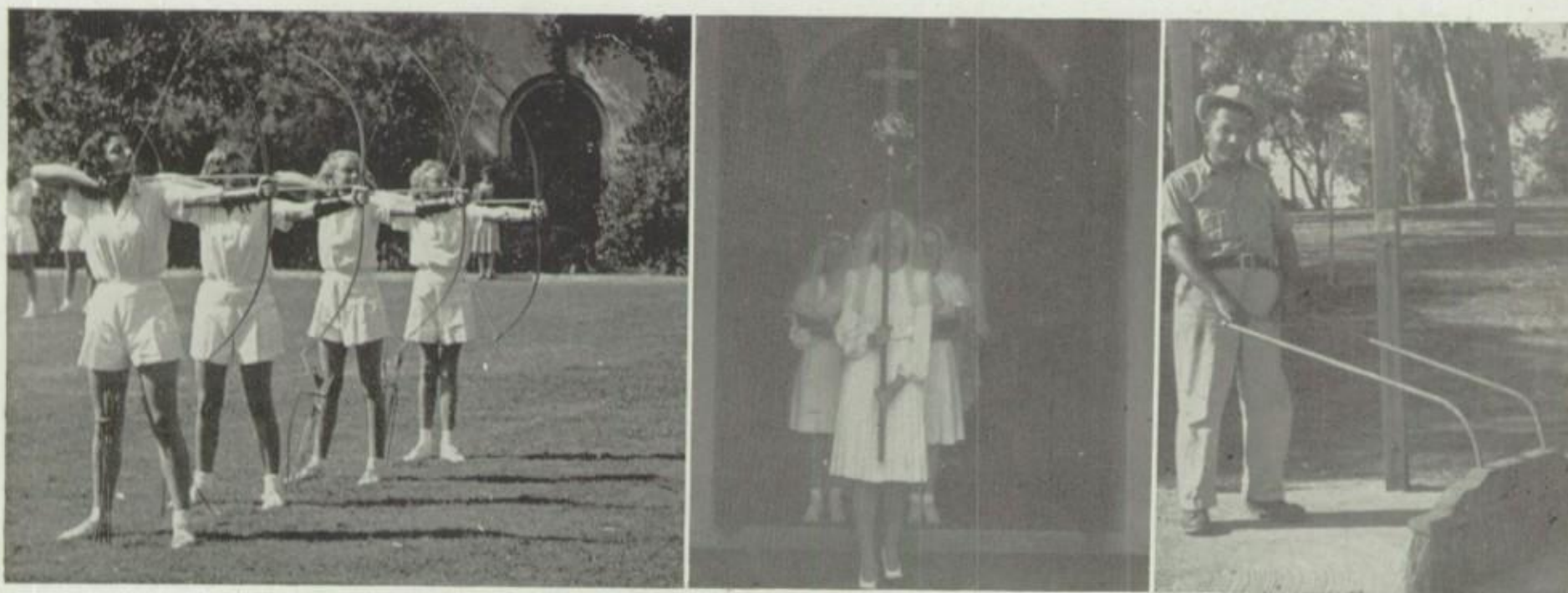
February

4. Sportsmanship plus! The exhibition bat ball match of the Lower School is a real success.
6. Tears, and fears, and Gary Cooper. All that was to be desired of the long awaited movie, **Lives of the Bengal Lancers**.
13. Informal perfection at the best party of the year. The sophomores serve us good fun, good entertainment, good food, and good cheer, on a silver platter.
22. Patriotic zeal to celebrate Washington's birthday, in the form of a stirring play, lusty songs, and a new flag; courtesy of the Lower School.
26. We learn of women's place in the present crisis and in the future, as well as of Scripps College, from Mrs. Esterley.
27. A party—courtesy of the Freshmen this time. The play, **Little Women** presented with all the charm and vivacity of this, our favorite book.



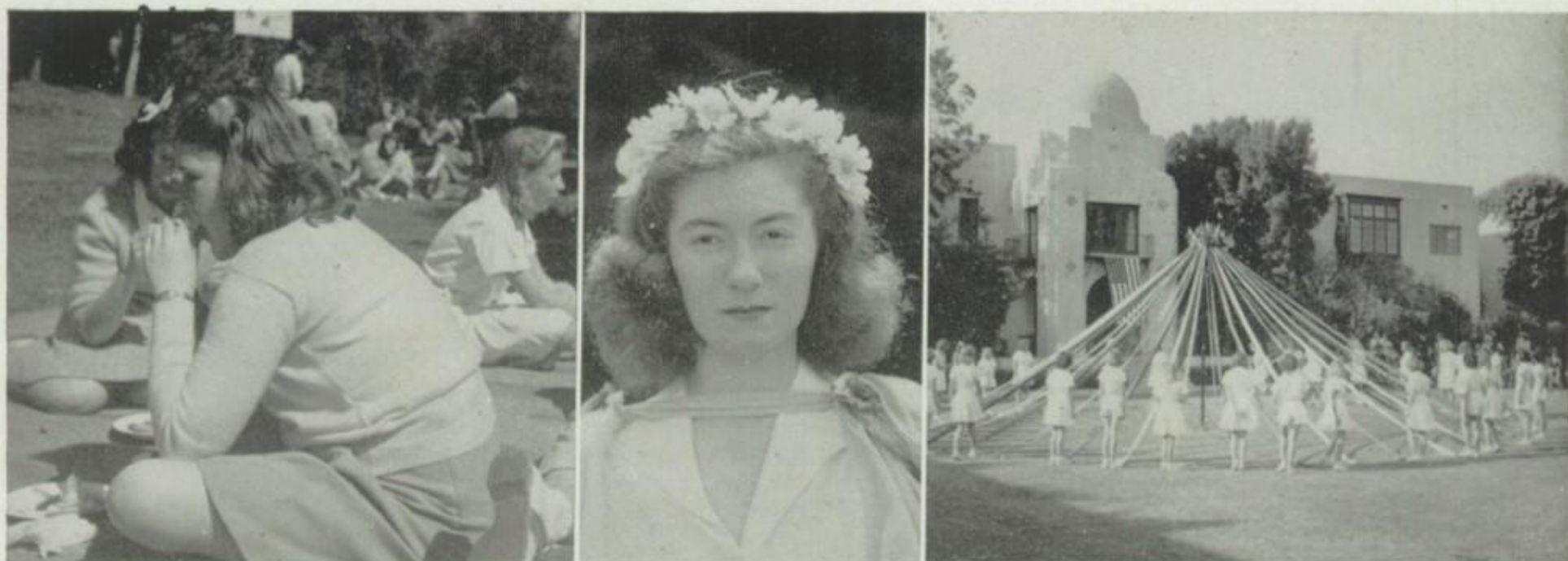
March

- 1-5. "Perfect posture perpetuates poems and posters"—to quote from our venerable Junior Journal regarding a posture week as successful as it is different—and it is plenty of both.
3. Our lust of adventure, as well as a variance of other emotions given free play by Miss Lowman, an Indian dug-out, and the rugged coastline leading to Alaska.
- 5-7. Home to the horrors of rationing—and back to school more conscious of its superlatives.
11. Day pupils as well as boarders witness "The Order of Confirmation" conferred by the Bishop on honored members of the school and faculty, at a beautiful service.
16. Mrs. Damon Strong arouses our enthusiasm for Mills as the pathway to our future.
20. In her first reading this year, Beatrice Edmonds entertained us with the amusing **Papa Is All**.
25. The importance of our present training and education, as well as that of our future careers, stressed by Dr. Davis of Smith College, in an address to the school.
27. Open Day, at which we display our physical prowess, and receive our rewards at the hands of the Bishop, is a sporting success, and a tribute to teachers, as well as to athletes.
Original as well as pleasing—a presentation of **The Three Cynthias** by Alice McIntyre.



April

1. Cheers, yells, and enthusiasm, and "everything we've got" for the Purple-Gold basketball game, followed by "ummmmm's" for the Grill Supper.
- 2-13. Spring vacation, and homeward bound to a fresh source of rapture and rest (?) with which to enliven our future table conversations.
17. **The Eve Of Saint Mark** presented with all of Miss Edmond's charm and talent.
23. Nursery antics "exhibited" by the Juniors, display a hidden key to the characters of the seniors, at the revealing revelry of the Junior take-offs.
25. Happy and thankful hearts, rising with the swells of the Easter Anthem, followed by the Easter tea, and shuffle board game—a joyful Easter indeed!



May

1. A beautiful May Queen, and a beautiful May, welcomed in together, with sport, spirit, and splendor.
Karen Shields gives us a delightful evening in telling of her explorations.
8. "On Our Way Rejoicing" for a final but brief weekend—after catching our breath we're up and at it again.
14. The exclusive Juniors and Seniors serenade each other at the Valencia with candles, speeches, food, and good humor, for the annual banquet.
15. We again welcome Beatrice Edmonds into our midst.
22. A pleasant evening of music with the Negro Jubilee Singers.
29. Spanish singing, Spanish dancing, and top notch Spanish entertainment, with Emilio and Teresita Osta.



June

2. The Lower School, after viewing their accomplishments, make their exit, leaving only **Rarebits** to fill their place.
 - 2-4. Final exams—the beginning of the end!
The Alumnae Luncheon. The Seniors are welcomed into their ranks "to-be."
 - The June Plays climax the year of the Art Department to the credit of Miss Hobson and her industrious crew, and besides entertaining the audience, display native talent in our midst.
 6. Baccalaureate—more beautiful than ever—and just as sad.
 7. Long-sleeved white dresses, happy spirits, but an unmistakable tinge of sadness, could mean only one thing—commencement. The Seniors find a diploma little reconciliation for never again wearing the school uniform, though they will always display the motto: Simplicity, Serenity, Sincerity.
- The year
will be remembered.

OUR DAY

By a Bishop's School Girl

This series of pictures seeks to represent various episodes in the day of a Bishop's School Girl—waking up, study hall, a class, mail rush, sports, chapel, mealtimes, hall life, and her dream.



WHO?



ADDRESSES

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241 West Kalmia Street
San Diego, California

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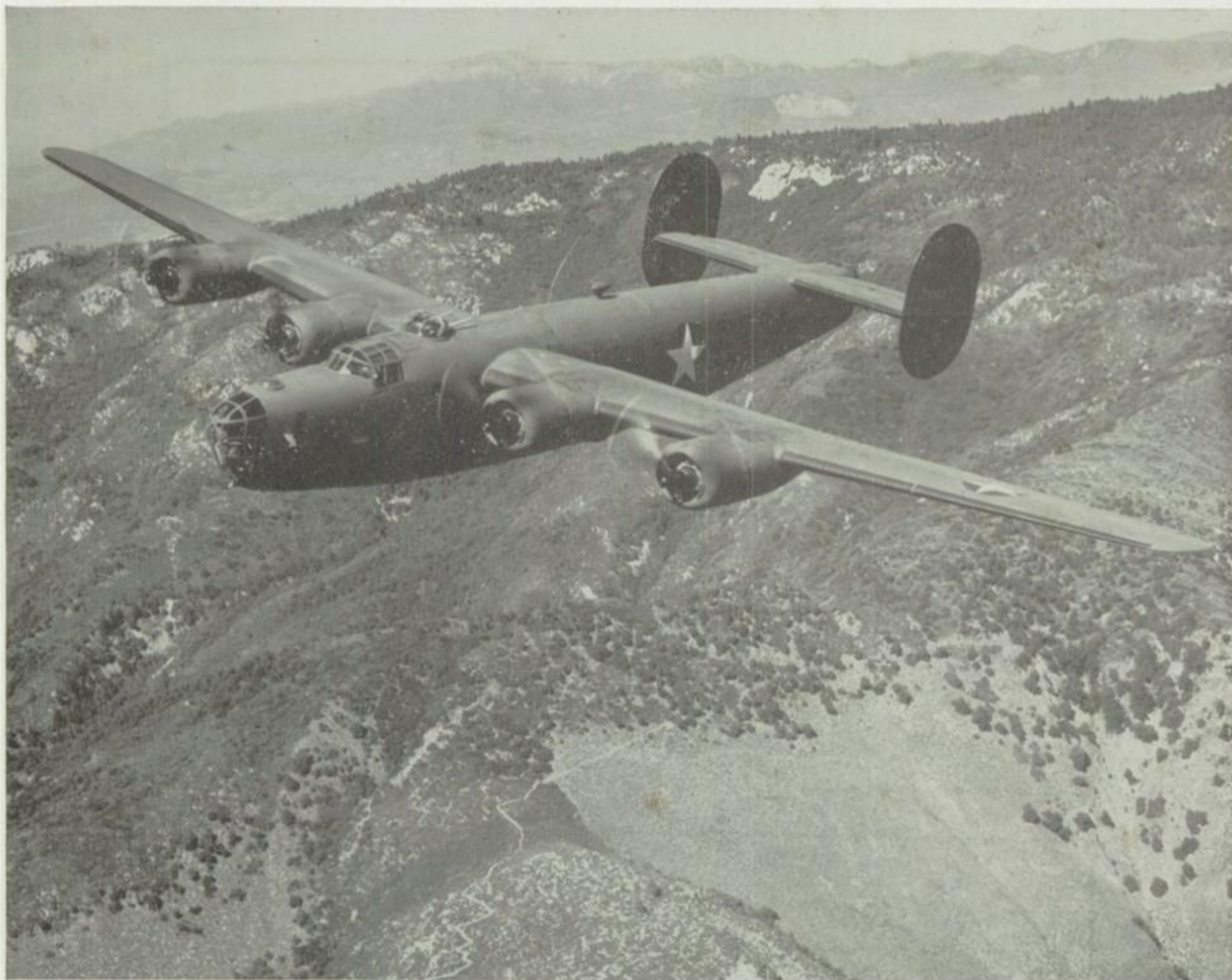
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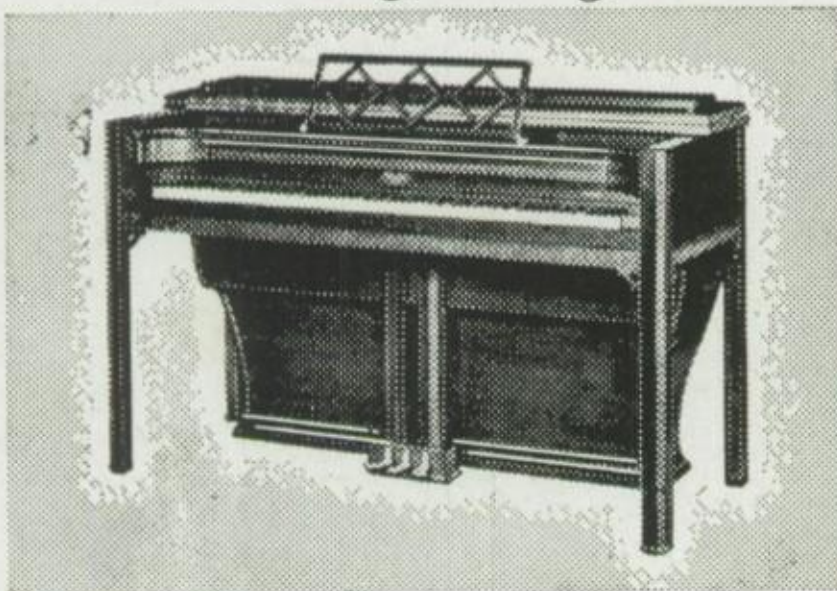
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been such a super class
as yours & I wish to be
the same without you
next year - love - but
some

Dear Charlotte,
I think you're
very lucky to be out of
school.

Best of luck always,
Rosemarie
"Rorie"

Dear Charlotte
Best wishes
and be good in
college. Sorry I can't
think of anything better
to say.

Love
Priscilla

Dear Charlotte
We'll all miss
you next year
especially at lunch
Come back and see us
Love Priscilla
Rorie

